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Seeing Good in Everyone.

Every hour in the day, almost, one hears unkind remarks made. How easy it seems for us to talk about the faults and defects of our friends and acquaintances, rather than upon their beauties of mind and character! There is not a little truth in what some one has said:

'Men's evil manners live in brass!
Their virtues we write in water.'

But it is not always so, or this world would be a sad place to live in. This summer I was privileged to spend some time in the company of a charming young girl.

'DID YOU EVER NOTICE WHAT A SWEET VOICE SHE HAS?'

She had no very unusual attractions in the way of appearance or accomplishments, but no matter what company she was in she seemed like a breath of sweet, fresh air. For a time I was puzzled to see just wherein her charm lay, but I finally decided that the secret was in the fact that she never said a harsh or unkind word of anyone, but seemed to be able to see some good traits in even the poorest specimens of humanity.

Together we were coming from a lecture. The comments heard from those about us were 'How dreadfully dull,' 'I thought he would never get finished,' and so on.

I waited for Leila's opinion. It came as we turned down a quiet street.

'How very much in earnest he is,' she said. 'I don't think I was ever so much in earnest over anything as he is on that subject.'

One morning a tramp came to the door, begging. He was a most wretched-looking creature, and his appearance told only too plainly that the cause of his degradation was his indulgence in strong drink.

After he was gone, many forcible expressions of disgust were heard. But Leila said:

'Did you notice the look in his eyes when baby toddled over to him? I know he has loved some baby.' And, somehow, our thoughts grew kindlier toward the poor tramp.

Again, we were with some friends when a mutual acquaintance passed. 'What a very plain face that Miss Alison has,' said one.

'But did you ever notice what a sweet voice she has?' was Leila's quick response. 'I never miss a chance of speaking to her, for her voice is like music.'

As we go through life, we are likely to find just that we are looking for. A vulture may wing its flight over a beautiful landscape and see nothing but a piece of carrion; while birds of cleaner habits will have their whole being thrilled with delight over the waving trees, the sparkling water, and the bright sunshine. The difference is in the nature of the birds.

If we are in the habit of fault-finding, it may be well to ask ourselves: 'Is it because we are evil that we see so much evil in others? Or, if we were better ourselves, would not the good in others appeal more strongly to us?'

The habit of looking for good in others is one that will abundantly repay cultivating. It is so much pleasanter to find roses than nettles. Our power for helping others will grow with our ability to recognize the good in them.

Even where faults are glaring, it is generally well not to talk about them. For our knowledge is imperfect at best, and possibly if we knew more, we should be inclined to pity rather than blame.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Widow Brown's Investments.

She had been the 'Widow Brown' for twenty years—called so from no want of respect, but chiefly to distinguish her from several others of the same name in the same place. In money matters she was 'well fixed,' her neighbors said. Her three children were married and settled to her satisfaction. The handsome farm left her by her husband had increased in value. She hated to part with a single rod of the land that her dear Silas had once owned and occupied, but she was comforted by the thought that if he knew the circumstances, especially the price received for it, he would approve. No doubt he would, for in his day, as in hers, the one distinguishing characteristic of the head of that house was thrift.

To carry out his death-bed instructions seemed to be her supreme desire, not only from loyalty to his memory, but also because she had implicit confidence in his judgment.

'I have left everything to you, Debby,' said he. 'I know you will do what is right by the children, but I've been thinking since I lay here—perhaps we ought to—you better do——'

'Oh, what is it, Silas? What had I better do?' she asked, as she leaned over him to catch his last words; but his stiffened lips were silent for ever, and it was years and years before a suspicion of his meaning dawned upon her.

Mrs. Brown, during all the years of her widowhood, had gained the reputation of a good manager, and she deserved it. She gave something to the poor every year, and paid her taxes, though since her children were gone and her help attended other churches, she rented but half a pew. She said pew-renting was a business transaction, and it was not her way to pay for more of anything than she had use for. She never failed to drop something into the contribution-box, whatever the cause might be, and when privately solicited was rather fond of calling her gift 'the widow's mite,' and not improperly as it sometimes seemed to the solicitor.

'Oh, if her eyes would once be opened to see things in their true light, what a tower of strength she would become,' said Mrs. Scott, a lady foremost in all the benevolent work in the church, to her fellow-worker, Mrs. Edgar. The two were discussing ways and means for increasing certain revenues in which so many ladies are interested at the present time. Mrs. Edgar had pronounced opinions upon most subjects, and she never hesitated to speak her mind.

'Well, that woman's eyes will never be opened,' she said, 'by anything short of a miracle such as opened the eyes of the prophet's servant in Old Testament times.'

'And this was brought about through

prayer,' said Mrs. Scott. 'Let us pray for this very thing.'

'Why, of course I've no objection, but I haven't the least bit of faith,' said the loquacious little lady. 'I have labored with that woman, off and on, enough to convert a Hottentot, and left her no end of missionary magazines and leaflets, but it all does no sort of good. She said once that some of the reading was "quite interesting" think of that! The matter took no more hold of her than the most commonplace events in the daily papers, nor half so much as the market reports. Nobody is better informed upon the price of farm products than the Widow Brown, but she cares little for any value not estimated by dollars and cents. If she would only antagonize our work, I should have some hope, but her sublime indifference aggravates me.'

That same evening Abner Cole, the Widow Brown's hired man, came into the sitting-room, as his habit was, to talk over matters of mutual interest with his employer.

'Well, Mis' Brown,' said he. 'I've got off the last of them fat sheep to-day, and I'll be bound a likelier lot never was shipped from this station. Yes, I shall miss 'em, but I reckon we sold at the right time; sheep won't be any higher. There! I like to forgot the cheque,' and Abner took from his pocket a paper which represented the value of the hundred fat sheep just marketed.

Before going back to his corner by the kitchen stove, the man remarked:

'They say wheat has riz.'

'Yes, so I understand,' said Mrs. Brown.

'Had an offer?'

'Yes,'

'How much?'

She told him.

'Good. Closed the bargain?'

'Not yet. The offer holds until to-morrow. Think I better sell?'

'I reckon you had; it's a big price for wheat this year. Mor'n anybody else got around here.'

The next day the Widow Brown sold her wheat, and wrote to one Banker Brown that she would come to the city the following week, prepared to purchase another $1,000 bond. Banker Brown was a distant relative and an old friend of her husband. Silas had said to her: 'Always consult with Banker Brown, Bebby. His advice will be worth more than a lawyer's, and cost less;' and she had done so. She and Abner could carry on the farm, but when it came to investing the proceeds, she trusted no one but Banker Brown.

A week later, as she took the morning train for the city, twenty miles distant, she found half a dozen ladies among her fellow passengers with whom she was acquainted. Among them were Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Edgar, who were going to attend a missionary meeting. They expressed their pleasure at seeing Mrs. Brown, and hoped she was going to the meeting also; but she said hers was a business trip, and she must return by the first train.

'If you have a little time to spare before your train leaves, come in to the meeting, it will be pleasanter than sitting at the station,' said Mrs. Scott, as they separated at the church door.

Mrs. Brown thanked her, and walked on to the bank, which was closed, and a long streamer of crape hung from the door-knob. She was shocked beyond expression. Mr. Brown, the president, had died suddenly that morning of apoplexy. The effect upon her was like that of a severe blow. She leaned against the building a moment for support, then putting out her hand, like one walking in darkness, seemed to grope her way down the steps, and slowly turned back toward the station. She had meant to do a little shopping, but she had no heart for it now.

The day seemd to have grown dark and chill. She shivered as she drew her wrap more closely about her, and quickened her footsteps a trifle, oblivious to everything in the busy streets through which she passed, until she came to the church where the ladies were assembled, and she recalled Mrs. Scott's invitation. Surely her own thoughts would be poor company during the two hours before the train-time, if she went to the station; so she entered the church, and sat down near the door, saying to the young lady usher who asked her to go up near the front, that she must leave soon, and preferred her present seat.

It was such a meeting as Mrs. Brown had never attended, and it was a revelation to her. She had not supposed that there were any women in the land who could stand up before an audience, even of their own sex, and talk and pray as these women did during the devotional hour at the beginning.

She forgot the train, which had been gone an hour when the morning session closed, and all present were invited to a collation in the church parlors. She would have gone away, but Mrs. Scott laid hold of her, and she was carried with the crowd contrary to her inclination. What a pleasant, social hour she spent with these ladies! They were so cordial, and the flavor of their conversation, like that of their viands, was so agreeable that she enjoyed it.

There was no train that she could take until evening, so she made a day of it at the missionary meeting, and not reluctantly either, for her interest continued until the end. But on the whole it proved a trying day for Mrs. Brown. The shock of the morning had its effect upon her nervous system. Then, too, her conscience was ill at ease, which was indeed a new sensation; and finally, the promise of fair weather had proved deceptive, for, when the meeting closed, the rain was falling, and the sidewalks were sloppy, while she, usually the most prudent person in the care of her health, was provided with neither waterproof, umbrella, nor rubbers, and rode home with damp clothing and wet feet.

It was easy to foresee the result. Sally, her faithful maid of all work, used vigorously the simple preventives at hand, but could not avert the dreadful chill, followed by fever and delirium. In the night she roused up Abner to go for the doctor.

'Mis' Brown is out of her head,' she said. 'And I'm afraid she's going to die, for she's talking religion as I never heard her before.'

For a week Mrs. Brown hovered between life and death. It was pitiful to hear her talk so incessantly yet incoherently of talents, stewardship, unprofitable servant, treasures laid up upon the earth, and the like. Once when Abner came to look at her for a moment she exclaimed: 'Don't sow wheat this year, Abner; sow the good seed, which is the Word of God,' and poor Abner rushed out crying like a baby.

Mrs. Brown came slowly back to health and strength, a holier and happier woman because of the refiner's fire by which she had been tried. She said to Mrs. Scott, sitting by her bedside during the time of convalescence:

'A sick-bed is not the worst thing. It has been a blessing to me. For twenty years I have been trying to understand what my husband wanted me to do, and tried to tell me upon his death-bed. It is all clear now, for I have felt in the same way. He was troubled because we had done so little for the Lord, and it is such a mercy that it has not come to me too late, as it did to him. No, I am not talking too much; I shall get well faster if I tell you some things which are on my mind. That day I was at the missionary meeting, I had with me $1,000 in cheques and bank-notes, that I was to exchange for a bond. You probably know what prevented. Sad and shocking as that event was, it is well for me that I did not make the investment. Now, in my husband's name, I wish to endow a scholarship in some seminary down South, and also take a few shares in that school in Japan, that I never heard of till that day. You may take the money now for both objects, if you will, and then it will be off my mind.'—'Canada Presbyterian.'

Let it Alone.

(By the Rev. W. F. McCauley, Litt.D., in the 'C. E. World.')

'I can drink or let it alone,'
  Then let it alone, my friend!
For a habit but partly grown
  Is a troublesome thing to fend.
It is better to let it alone
Than to check it with blow and moan,
  And have it cling on to the end.

Says the boy, 'I can let it alone.'
  Then let it alone, my friend!
Why not prove that your soul's your own,
  That your will is too firm to bend?
O, you 'sometime will let it alone,'
But just now you are no one's drone!
  Then look out for the bitter end!

So the drinker can 'let it alone.'
  Then let it alone, my friend!
To your cups you're already prone,
  And your ways give no sign to mend.
You just say you can let it alone,
That you are not overthrown;
  But you drink right on to the end!

And the drunkard can 'let it alone.'
  Then let it alone, my friend!
'No!' he shrieks; 'I for years have known
  Deeper woes than were ever penned!
For the drink will not let me alone.
There it sits in my being's throne,
  And lashes me on to the end!'

I can't 'drink or let it alone,'
  But can let it alone, my friend!
O'er the wrecks in their passion strown
  I can help to the tempted send.
I can let it entirely alone;
I can keep me in safety's zone.
  And quaff its pure springs to the end.

Yet you never must let it alone.
  Do not let it alone, my friend!
Cast it out to the Shapes that groan
  From the hearts it would sear and rend.
Never fancy to let it alone
Till you bury it under the stone,
  And write, 'You are there till the end!'

'I can drink or let it alone,'
  Then let it alone, my friend!
Ere your hopes to the grave are flown,
  To this counsel of mine attend.
If right now you can let it alone,
Let your purpose be daily shown,
  And let it alone to the end.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

A Word to Boys.

The London 'Free Press' strikes the nail on the head in the following: 'When we see the boys on the street and public places we often wonder if they know that the business men are watching them. In every bank, store, and office there will soon be a place for a boy to fill. Those who have the management of the affairs of the business houses will select a boy in whom they have confidence. When they select one of the boys they will not select him for his ability to swear, use slang, smoke cigarettes, or tap a beer keg. These men may have a few of these habits themselves, but they are looking for boys who are as near gentlemen in every sense of the word as they can find, and they are able to give the character of every boy in the city. They are not looking for rowdies, and when a boy applies for one of these places and is refused they may not tell him the reason why they do not want him, but the boy can depend upon it that he has been rated according to his behaviour. Boys cannot afford to adopt the habits and conversation of the loafers and rowdies, if they ever want to be called to responsible positions.'

Idols: an Idol Cemetery.

(The Rev. Martyn W. Beatty, B.A., Parantij, in 'Daybreak.')

[Mr. Beatty, when in Cambay, one day came across a heap of discarded idols lying on the shore (like Mr. Blair at Jhalod), and took some of them home with him as mementoes. One of them was Ganesh, the elephant-headed household idol, which (like Mr. Blair also) he has turned into a paper weight, and now fancifully makes him give an account of himself in the following sketch.]

'I am only a paper weight now, and it is humbling of course—but there, things are perhaps better as they are.'

And Ganesh, my ex-idol paperweight, heaved a sigh, half grateful, half regretful, and wholly reminiscent.

It was a hot, drowsy afternoon in the office, and my papers were forgotten as Ganesh, usually silent, absorbed in his struggue with the wind, suddenly sat up at leisure in the hot, calm air, and began to talk.

'This isn't a half bad place,' he said, looking round; 'quiet, you know, but the company is fairly respectable.'

The pens and inkpots were humbly silent, but the case of tracts and pamphlets fairly rustled with indignation.

'The idea of a bit of stone taking on airs before us who can talk and do lots of good!' So said the tracts.

'I may be a stone, but what of that? You'll be torn and used up and forgotten when I'm still going about.'

'What if we are? We'll have done our good work, which will never stop.'

'And a lot of good that will do you when you're gone. Better look after yourself as I do—yah, Sillies.'

This wasn't very polite, but Ganesh being only a stone idol, and spoiled with conceit from his youth up, what could you expect?

The books remembered this and also their Christian character, so they quite suddenly shut up tight lest angry words should come.

Ganesh looked puzzled, for being heathen he expected a big row, and no end of abuse and 'gal,'* and was going to enjoy it.

However, it takes two to fight, so he looked round for something new, and squinting at me round the corner of his big elephant trunk nose, said, 'Awful dull lot—been here a year now, and never a fight, never a decent row—why I remember from the day when Motiram the stone mason chipped me out of a bit of stone, till you brought me here, never a day but there was some exciting row, or something to interest one. Motiram himself, when the idol merchant came to buy me and my brothers—lots of us there were, for Moti was quick, and could make us at a dozen a day nearly—well the lies Moti told, and the lies the buyer told, and the names they called each other before they settled the price, it was a treat.'

Ganesh reflected maliciously, his little eyes sparkling.

'Then later every day in the shop there was no end of lying and cheating and quarrelling just to sell us—gods you say—oh, of course we were, but who cared, not the man who made us or the man who sold us, they knew better; what they wanted was money, and as far as that goes that's just what every one wanted in those days; they seemed to think I could help them to get it. Rather stupid, you know, for thinking men, who fancied themselves so much. Now a good piece of solid, self-respecting stone like me would never be so foolish. Anyway they used to come every day and bow and put tthings before me and on me too—oil and red paint and flowers and such like—and they muttered and begged me to give them good luck and money and so on; of course I couldn't, but the silly creatures went on all the same.

'It was all right so long as they prospered, but one day the "sheth"* my owner, lost money, and his son got plague and died, then what do you think? Why, they turned me out—said it was my fault—and they took and put me in that desolate idol cemetery where you found me: that was to punish me, but, my dear sir, it didn't matter a flower petal to me, I assure you. Stones don't mind either sun or rain, so I and all my broken and cast-out comrades lay there in the soft, dry sand, until you came and took a few of us away. "As specimens of man's folly" I think you said, but at any rate I do for a paper weight now. And really, you know, though it's rather a step down, and there isn't much excitement, yet keeping these papers in order is a better sort of life. Now there they go.' And Ganesh jumped on some papers which a sudden breeze had almost lifted.

As he did so the door banged. I rubbed my eyes several times hard, and opened them and shut them again; it was all no use. Ganesh sat heavily on his papers, but wouldn't say another word.

*'Gal' means bad language.

*Sheth, pronounced Shate, means a gentleman.

No Chance!

'There is no chance around here for a fellow. If I could but get away, I'd soon show the home folks what's in me.'

So says many a restless lad who, though anxious to get on in life, has not yet realized that success is by no means a matter of surroundings.

If he is so placed that he cannot go elsewhere, a spirit of stubborn pride sometimes prevents him from working at all, or else he labors so half-heartedly as to make his services of but little value. If he is given his own way, it is frequently only after many hard knocks consequent upon his many changes that he begins to suspect that, if he is to succeed at all, the root of success must be within himself. Then, if he is wise, he learns to adapt himself to his surroundings, and sets himself to work out his life-problem in earnest.

The great Abraham Lincoln, who wrested glorious success from most untoward conditions, wrote pithily on this subject to a step-brother, who was always changing both his occupation and his way of living. Gifts of money were of no avail. No sooner were they expended than the old story of the need for a change was heard. The patient elder brother offered to give him a dollar for each one he earned if he would but work steadily for four or five months in one situation, but the generous offer was not accepted. It would be better, thought the younger man, to go farther West at once in pursuit of success.

The reply of the martyred President to this proposition should be weighed well by every restless lad.

'What can you do in Missouri better than here?' he wrote. 'Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat, and oats, without work? Will anyone more there than here do your work for you? Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do you no good. If you do not intend to work, you cannot get along anywhere, and if you intend to work there is no better place than right where you are.'—'Cottager and Artisan.'

The Evolution of Tony.

(Leigh Youhg, in the 'Christian Statesman.')

In the heart of the piney woods of South Carolina stod an old log-house. The narrow way leading to it was skirted with dense forests of pine, oak, gum and cypress trees, while the ditches on either side were filled with evergreen shrubs. Cotton—fields, literally white for the harvest, vary the landscape; while occasionally down the long avenue, one catches glimpses of a planter's stately home. Here and there, by the roadside, or among a group of trees, one sees a log-cabin.

It was under the shade of this leafy arcade of trees that Faith Latimer, mounted on a scrubby little pony, took her way on a bright September morning. The call for helpers to teach the Freedmen had sounded so loud in her ears, that she had left her Northern home, and come down among the pines, as a missionary to the dark-skinned race at our doors. And now she was on her way to open school.

The spicy odor of the fragrant forest so filled her senses, that she paid small heed to the stately pace of the rugged pony. And it was with a start that she aroused herself, when she came in sight of the log cabin where she expected to find her scholars awaiting her.

No one was in sight, and the building was closed. She shook the shackly door, which looked as if one good, hard push might be the end of it, and then, hearing a suppressed titter, she looked around her. Nothing was to be seen.

Sure that she had heard a sound, she listened intently, and then throwing her head back, she looked up into the trees, with an involuntary movement.

And such a sight as met her astonished eyes! It seemed as if she were in the midst of a monkey forest. From every limb of every tree, peeping out from between the green leaves, grinning black faces peered at her. The thick, red lips, the gleaming teeth, and the great, staring, white eyes, seemed something uncanny, in the loneliness of the woods.

After one startled moment, she came to her senses, and realizing that these were her scholars come to take a look at their new teacher, she fell down upon an old stump and gave way to peal after peal of merry, ringing laughter, which in an instant was caught up by the grinning figures in the trees, until the whole wood echoed with the sound.

So absorbed was Faith in the novel situation that she did not hear a step over the pine-needles till a venerable old darkey, hat in hand, stood before her, with a low bow.

'I axes yer pardin, Mistis, fer a-keepin' yer waitin',' he began. Then, as he heard the sound among the trees, he looked up, and burst out with: 'Ain't yo' 'shamed, yer young villyuns! Come down here this very minnit, and make yer manners ter de young Mistis, who's come all de way down here jes' ter teach yer, yer little rapscallions. Come down, right away, or I'll wallop every livin' one o' yer.'

Thus admonished, and emboldened by the looks of the young teacher, the black figures descended from their lofty perches, still grinning at Faith, but casting glances of comical terror at the old man, who shook his head at them, in ominous manner. The teacher, herself, had all she could do to maintain her dignity, for she saw at once that it would never do to laugh in the face of the monitor. Uncle Caesar, with much pomp and ceremony, unlocked the door, threw it open, and ushered her in, with the air of giving her the Freedom of the City, or the entree to the winter Palace of the Czar of all the Russias.

The room presented a [illegible] appearance to the eyes fresh from [illegible] yoke. There

was no ceiling, and only a clapboard roof, through which daylight could plainly be seen; an earthen floor, no windows, except where a square of the logs was sawed out, at either side of the one-roomed cabin. In the end, opposite the door, was a great fireplace, and in one corner, next to it, stood a pile of corn fodder, for fuel. Split logs, with sticks driven into them for legs, were the benches. The chair for the teacher was a hewn piece of a log, with a board nailed to it for a back; and her desk was made of an old box, supported by posts driven into the ground.

Into the room the children swarmed; following them, came a crowd of their fathers and mothers, grey-haired uncles and aunts, young men and women, and little children, till the place was crowded to overflowing.

Faith was in dismay. Where was she to begin? and how could she teach this motley crowd? There she stood, hesitating, with all eyes fastened upon her, and feeling that she must do something—but just what, she did not know.

But while she racked her brain for an inspiration, an old Auntie Black as a coal, with a striped blue cotton dress on, and her head tied up in the gayest of bandana headhandkerchiefs, advanced towards her, saying:

'I'm Aunt Dicey, Mistis, an' thar,' pointing to the old Uncle who had opened the door, 'yonder's my ole man, Uncle Caesar, an' he's the 'xhorter for th' deestric', and I kin tell yer, he's got er powerful gif' in pra'er'.

In an instant Faith spoke. 'Uncle Caesar, will you open the school with prayer?'

Nothing loth, the old man stepped forward, while the whole assembly fell on their knees.

'Gawd,' said the voice, raised to such a pitch that the rafters rang with the sound, 'bless our teacher, who's come ter larn us ter read 'bout Thee. Let her stay with us, an' larn us, tell we kin say ter her, "It's 'nuff, we read ez good ez her." Bless all dese little rapscallions ob chillens, make 'em all good chillens, so's they kin come an' sing 'roun' th' Throne, "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah." Bless all de teachers who's come from de Norf ter kerry on de glorifullest work ob Christ, bless 'em from de ribber ter de ends ob de airth; an' when they come ter Mt. Zion's Hill, may dey flock home ter King Jesus, as de dovos ter Noah's ark in de water. An' bless us all, an' give us ob dat water ter drink what come out when Moses struck de Rock in de weary lan'. Amen.'

It was impossible to classify the children, or, rather, they were all of one class; for, of all the hundred pupils, only two knew their letters. But all of them, whether old or young (for the school numbered all ages, from fifty to seven), were eager and anxious to learn; and with courage and hope, together with the faith that her name justified, the teacher began her arduous work.

A verse in the Bible, learned and repeated by all, opened the school, with a short prayer by the teacher, unless Uncle Caesar was in the way. And the old man had quite a habit of strolling down among the pines, 'Jes' ter see how de school wuz er gettin' 'long, an' ter help Miss Faith wid a word of pra'er, an' er bit o' 'xhortin' ter keep dem rapscallion chillen in de way.' And the Gospel Hymns were soon caught up, for the negroes have a natural ear for harmony.

The bright-colored alphabet cards proved a great help to the children, for, as soon as one learned a letter, he was given the card to take home with him. And so the work progressed.

About a week after Faith had gotten things well in hand, Aunt Dicey came waddling into the school one morning, leading by the hand a mite of a boy, about five years old, black as a shining lump of coal, barefooted, and dressed in an old blue army overcoat, a dozen sizes too big fir him, and which trailed on the ground a quarter of a yard; and with kinky black wool in tight knots all over his funny little bobbing head.

Smiling with delight, the old woman came up to Faith's chair, and with a little bob of a curtsy, said:

'Here's Tony, Mistis!'

Faith looked down at the comical little figure before her, who, scared at seeing all eyes fixed on him, stuck his finger in his mouth, rolled up the whites of his eyes, and dug in the dirt floor with his bare toes; while his grandmother stood beaming with delight and pride, as if she had brought the Kohinoor to the teacher.

'What must I do with him, Aunt Dicey?' asked Faith, with all the gravity she could summon.

'Laws, Mistis, how does I know? I'se brung him ter you, an' I wants you ter make him er preacher, er a doctah, or some'en fine; he's right smart peart, Tony is, an' Caesar an' me, we wants ter make some'en big outer him. You jes' giv' him er chance, Mistis, an' he'll larn—yes, Tony'll larn, fur sho', he will. You jes' try him. Now you see I've give him ter you, you and Tony'll do th' balance. Good-bye, Mistis, I mus' go an' look arter th' critters; you'll take keer o' Tony,' and with another little duck, the fat old figure bobbed out of the door, and disappeared in the piney wood.

Tony, left standing by himself, at first seemed disposed to follow her example, but as he half turned for the purpose, he saw, scattered on the ground, some bright-colored picture blocks.

'What 'at?' said he, pointing with one hand while the other was still in his mouth.

'That is A, Tony,' said the teacher.

'A, A,' echoed the child, 'pity yed A,' and down he plumped on the floor, and examined the block on all sides, with the gravity of a judge. Then picking out another, he held it up, saying, 'What 'is?'

'That's B,' replied Faith.

'Yed A, bloo B,' repeated Tony, over and over again, in a tone of grave wonder.

After a time, Faith, who had forgotten for a moment her new charge, looked up from her work to see if he was still there, and found the child fast asleep, his head resting on some of the blocks, while with each hand he grasped his 'Yed A, and Bloo B.'

She gently lifted him up and laid him on the pile of corn fodder, and covered him with an old blanket shawl that she used for a chair cushion. That was the beginning of Tony's education.

'Right smart peart,' Aunt Dicey had said he was, and certainly he learned with rapidity. He soon became the pet of the whole school, and in truth did almost as much as the teacher for the manners and morals of them all. He was a perfect mimic; whatever the others did, he did immediately after. And soon among the children Faith would hear, 'Don't do that, Tony'll be a-doin' it.' 'You mustn't say that, Tony'll be a-sayin' it.' She had no idea what an assistant Aunt Dicey was bringing her when she deposited the little mite at her feet.

Never a day passed that an apple, a little turn-over, a rice cake or some dainty was not brought to both Faith and Tony, by some of the scholars. And when the teacher made him a knickerbocker suit, out of the very same old plaid shawl with which she had covered him the very first day, the delight of the children knew no bounds.

As the School Year drew to an end, Faith proposed that they should have an exhibition, to close the term. And many were the discussions over speeches, dresses, songs and parts to take, for every step was a new one and untold delight in the dark quarter.

'Miss Faith,' said one of the older girls one day, 'what's Tony going ter do for the 'Xbition?'

'Why, I don't know,' she said, with a laugh. 'You see, he's so little.'

'Oh,' said all the class, 'please larn him somethin', an' let him say it; it'll be so peart.'

So, with infinite pains and infinite patience, Faith coached Tony, and at last the wonderful and long-looked for day came, clear, warm and bright; the clouds that had almost broken many hearts the night before, had all disappeared, and a soft, cool breeze tempered the heat and wafted the spicy odors of the pines through all the woods.

The boys and girls had dressed up the room, until one never would have known it for the dismal place on which Faith had looked with such dismay eight months before.

The boys had cut down the pine boughs, and the girls broke up the fine branches, and strewed the ground, until they had a beautiful green carpet. They covered the walls with plumy cedar and festooned the windows with the trailing moss which hangs from the pine trees.

From far and from near, the fathers and mothers, the sisters, aunts and cousins, the brothers and uncles of the scholars, had gathered to the 'Xbition; and great was the delight and wonder over the marching and counter-marching of the calisthenic exercises, which Faith had adapted to the music of an old banjo, that was skilfully handled by one of the old darkies.

The boys went through the evolutions of 'And so the farmer sows his seed;' while the girls, with their mimic bread-trays and disnes, their rolling pins and pans, performed the kitchen-garden exercises; and the appreciative audience, who had never even heard of such delightful doings, beamed with delight to see their own children a part of such wonderful happenings.

The bright advertising cards, and the out-of-date picture-calendars, which were given as prizes and rewards, were regarded as works of art.

But the crowning event of the day was Tony's speech. There stood the little black midget, alone on the platform, in all the glory of his brilliant plaid knickerbockers, and looking as solemn as if the fate of the universe depended upon him; for he had seen a wonderful, great snow-ball cake and a beautiful rosy apple, which were to be the reward for 'speaking up peart, jes' like er man.'

Stuffing his little black fists deep down in the new pockets, he seemed to have forgotten there was anything else to do but stand there, the object of all attention, when Aunt Dicey, who was in an agony of apprehension, in a stage whisper which could be heard all over the room, exhorted him to 'speak up, and not be afeared of nothin'.' And Faith said, 'Now, Tony.'

Thus admonished, he jerked his hands out of his precious pockets, and made a funny little duck of his little fat figure, and began:

WHAT A LITTLE BOY IS WORTH.

'I'm not worth much in pocket. See!' And he turned his pockets inside out. 'I'm not worth much, if you count by size. I'm not worth much, folks, far as wisdom goes. But you jes' wait—I'm goin' ter be a man, I am; Mother, she says, I'll be one'fore she is. Sister, She thinks I'm worth someun, fur she said, this mornin', I wuz worth my weight in gold, an' she's a good jedge. That's all I 'member; gimme my apple now.'

And down he jumped from the platform, seized his spoils of war from where they stood in all their redness and whiteness, on the teacher's desk, and brandishing the apple in one hand and the cake in the other, he turned to receive the plaudits of his willing subjects.

Shouts of applause greeted the embryo orator, while the teacher felt that her year's work had not been wasted.

'Bless de chile,' cried Aunt Dicey, throwing her apron over her head, and shouting 'Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!' in ecstacy of delight. 'I done tole you he wuz a-gwine ter be a big bug.'

Long years have passed since the Big Oak School was started among the pines of South Carolina, and many changes have come to teacher and scholars, but to none more so than Tony—for who could have recognized in the valedictorian of his college class the Tony of his first speech at Big Oak School—the man now laboring with might and main in the great work of carrying the Gospel of Christ to his own benighted people?

But there are many Tonys still waiting, down in the Black Belt, for the evolution that the bible and the School will give them; and there are faithful, earnest workers waiting, in their turn, for the silver and the gold, that, under God's fostering hand, will be the instruments for the work.

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St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

'It wasn't only science, Billy, and it wasn't a miracle, except in the sense that it always is a miracle the way nature squares accounts. Back of that attack of pneumonia stretched a clean life, and that gave science the upper hand of death. That's all!'

'That's all!' Daniels' voice was a bit strained. 'But a clean life is something you can't buy! And a clean life in that God-forsaken Court is a finer achievement than anywhere else! Phil, that little red-headed Saint told me to keep on fighting—I rather think I will! God knows I can make an effort at least to keep the rest of my life clean!'

'And Billy,' the doctor's voice had a glad ring in it, 'you can make the stains of the past grow dim. Why, Jim Belway had that wedding-ring on his finger, and the nurse said that when the messenger brought it, he cried and kissed it, and called down blessings on the one that sent it.' And they went up-stairs together, and found that the Saint was getting very restless in bed.

The doctor very gravely felt her pulse and looked at her tongue, and sounded her chest, then he announced solemnly, 'The patient may now get up, provided she puts on at once these garments provided,' and Mr. Daniels just as solemnly laid out on the bed his purchase of the afternoon. Cecilia looked at them a moment, then looked at the doctor and Mr. Daniels, and didn't know what to say; her eyes took in with delight the pretty things, and all her innate feminine love of finery shone in her face. But her eyes soon filled with tears, and her cheeks flushed red, and she said: 'My own clothes is good enough. I can't pay for these. I only take things from Jim—Jim says that's square, for I work it out.'

Mr. Daniels' face clouded and the doctor looked puzzled, but the nurse, being a woman, felt she could help them out. So she said quietly, 'I'll tell you! Cecilia will try them on, and see if they fit, for I know a girl just her size who will be glad to take them. And then she will go in and see how Puddin' likes them.'

So they left her with the nurse, and went in to see Puddin', and await the Saint's coming. And in about a half-hour she came to them, and staring at her, they weren't quite sure whether this was really little St. Cecilia of the Court, or if it were some one else conjured up by the nurse. This one wore a suit so warm and bright that even into her wan cheeks, under the glow of the dim lights, there had crept a bit of its glow; the unruly red locks had been brushed smoothly back, and were held in place by a great black bow. For the first time in her little life, all her garments were whole, and as she walked towards them, she was filled with a certain exaltation that had come to her as she put on the new, neat clothes.

'Puddin', having progressed so far as to be propped up in bed, looked at her wonderingly, his big eyes filled with admiration. He seemed to doubt her identity until she was fairly by the bedside, and then he ejaculated, 'Golly! Celie!'

'Puddin', darling,' she bent over the bed lovingly, 'do you think I look nice?'

Puddin's answer was emphatic. 'Do you look nice! I never seen you look like that!' Then, the admiration evidently growing deeper, he said, 'I love you more now!'

'Puddin'!' The Saint's voice was full of an indignant hurt protest. 'Don't you know, I'm just the same! Sure you love me just as much in my own dress!'

But Puddin's masculine instincts came out stronger than his reason. 'No, I don't! I like you better in that dress! You never did look that way before!'

Mr. Daniels seized his opportunity, and remarked, 'I think a great deal of Puddin', and I am very sorry that he isn't to have the opportunity of seeing you in it all the time. I fancy it would help him to get well.'

Cecilia looked down at Puddin', and the heavy ugly brace that supported his back, then she looked down at the red dress, and then, too honest to hide her thought, she finished, 'And 'cause I like 'em too!'

They saw the pleasure radiating from her face, and how thorough it was they knew from her whispered words to Puddin'. 'Oh, Puddin', the shoes have got shiny ends, and the hat's got a feather on it!'

She was too full of a restless happiness to keep silent, and the doctor and Mr. Daniels, passing down between the two rows of beds, heard her singing to Puddin', the words ringing sweetly through the long room,

'Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hark! how the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your King.'

XVI.

A Surprise Party on Jim.

The next morning, Cecilia went back to the Court, escorted by Mr. Daniels; and marvel of marvels, they went in a carriage! When they got in, her heart beat so that she could scarcely take in the magnificence of it all; but when the glory of being whirled along behind the horses had somewhat died down, she ran her hand

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Will you try for one? It would greatly please us.

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John Dougall & Son,
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N.B.—We will be starting a first class new serial story in a few weeks. Better get in line in time for that. Sunday Schools intending to send in 'Messenger' clubs for the first time for 1907, should remit at once and they will receive

the balance of this year free of charge.

across the seat, and delightedly announced, 'Ain't it soft! '

"The first time you've been in a carriage?' queried Daniels.

'No,' and the glad light died out of her face. 'Jim and me and Mrs. Daley went in a carriage to my mother's funeral. But it wasn't like this. And I wasn't thinkin' then of it. Now,' with a sigh of content, 'it's all different.'

She looked into the little mirror on the side, and said, as she saw the reflection of the feather in her hat, 'I guess I'm Cinderella, goin 'to the ball!'

'Yes, I think you must be,' remarked Daniels quizzically. 'I look just like a fairy godmother!'

Cecil'a laughed, and then said gratefully, 'Well, if you don't look like her, you're just as good!'

'Thanks.' He looked down at her earnestly. 'I never appreciated before just how that famous lady felt.'

When the carriage stopped at the Court, the Saint remembered gratefully that most of her friends were in school at the time, and wouldn't see her in her new apparel; but right at the very entrance to the Court, on the stoop of Mrs. Grogan's grocery, stood Jimmy Flynn, who, having a toothache, was out of school, his face being swathed in a huge bandana handkerchief, which gave him a most festive appearance, quite belied by his swollen cheek. He saw the carriage stop, he gave one curious glance, then he rushed precipitately through the gangway, across the Court, to the entrance to their tenement, where he shrieked in staccato tones, 'Ma! Ma! Look at the Saint! She kem in a kerridge!' The younger children at the pump rushed at once to look upon her, while Mrs. Flynn and her neighbors gathered at windows and doors, and beheld in speechless amazement, the Saint in a new coat and hat, and a tall gentleman, with patent leather shoes on and a silk hat, disappear into Jim's shop.

Mrs. Daley, feeling what a prominent place she held in the eyes of the Court aristocracy since she had watched at Jim's bedside, and met there the up-town doctor, ostentatiously went to the pump for water, announcing casually, ' 'Tis a cross which looks finer, Cecilia or Mr. Billy.'

Mrs. Flynn sniffed audibly, and remarked from the doorway, 'Mr. Billy! I've heard a sight of names, but I never heard that for a last name!'

Mrs. Daley then recalled that 'Daniel' had figured in the name somewhere, and as she carried her pail from the pump, remarked carelessly, 'I'm not saying whether it is his first name or his back name. It might be Billy Daniel, or it might be Daniel Billy. Either way, 'tis a fine man he is!' And as soon as she conveniently could, Mrs. Daley managed to run across the stoop to inquire for Jim.

When she had really gotten in, she stopped short to look. She entirely disapproved of the nurse,who, since her first call when she had given the patient details about his illness, had refused her entrance; but gazing about now, she couldn't help but admire her work. The place was spotlessly clean, and all the shoemaking apparatus was piled in one corner. At the door was a snowy curtain of muslin, which kept the inquisitive eyes of the boys from peering into the shop. The old quilt was down, and the place made into one room. The little table was pulled into the centre, and was covered with a white cloth. On the stove stood a kettle which was singing in sheer joy at its great polished nickle expanse. Jim, lying weakly on the pillows, was almost as white as the coverlet—but his hair was smoothly brushed, and his nightshirt was spotless; Mrs. Daley, in her swift survey, saw that it had fine bands of embroidery on it, and guessed correctly that it had once belonged to Mr. Billy. Mr. Billy and the nurse, standing at the bedside, were smiling at the Saint, who regardless of new coat and feathered hat, had thrown herself down by Jim and holding his hand in hers, could not talk from sheer happiness.

Mrs. Daley did not allow her curiosity to overwhelm her manners, for she made an imposing bow, and said cheerily, 'Good-mornin' to you all! I'll be asking for your health this day, Jim!'

And Jim smiled faintly at her, and said, with his old look at Cecilia, that he never felt better in his life; and Mr. Daniels pulled out the chair, and invited her to sit down, in a manner, as she afterwards remarked to Mrs. Flynn, that made her feel like a queen. But she was too excited to sit down, and remarked instead to Cecilia, 'Sure, and never did I see any one change so! 'Tis a saint ye look this day, Cecilia, God bless you! 'Tis well for you you went to the horspital that night, and 'tis well for Jim here, and 'tis well for my Mickey, for it's the fine suit of clothes he's got, and it's thankin' you I am, Mr. Billy—I mean Mr. Daniel—I mean——' and floundering helplessly, she was rescued by Mr. Daniels, who said gaily, 'Oh, Mickey earned that suit all right enough, Mrs. Daley. And Cecilia earned what she got too! And Cecilia tells me that Mr. Belway has earned a lot more than he can ever get, so we're all square.'

'God bless you!' Mrs. Daley shook her head wisely. 'But there's lots as never gets their earnings this side of death, and it's thankin' you I am, and Jim will be doing the same when he's able' And she went out leaving Mr. Daniels making a most profound Chesterfieldian courtesy.

Cecilia never could tell half the wonders of that day. Jim seemed to get better every minute that she hovered near him—the nurse turned out to be every bit as nice as the nurses of the hospital, and she made friends with her, and told her true stories of the children she had nursed, and explained why she did everything so and so, and she and Cecilia and Mr. Daniels had lunch on the little round table.—Oh, yes and Mickey, whom Mr. Daniels had called in. Poor Mickey! Usually so self-reliant and free, this day he was so impressed by the nurse and Cecilia's new dress, and the white table-cloth, and the yellow oranges Mr. Daniels had provided, that he could neither eat nor talk. Mr. Daniels tried in vain to coax him, and the Saint whispered to him, 'Go on eat, Mickey!' But he couldn't! It was too awful, this spotlessness, this luxury! He was glad when it was all over, and with an orange in his hand, he was free to run home, to explain to his waiting mother the embarrassments of the situation, and to hear her say, ' 'Tis well for you, Mickey, your mother could teach you proper manners, not to be that coarse like Jimmy Flynn.'

(To be continued.)

Men and Tools.

Dick Trumble, the carpenter— 'Rugged Dick,' as he was familiarly dubbed by his shipmates—was, by virtue of his position, an important personage aboard the ship, and, we must also add between ourselves, a rather important personage in his own opinion also. Clever at his trade, honest and faithful in his dealings with others, and particularly loyal to his captain, with whom he had sailed for many years, Dick was generally respected by 'all hands' on board the ship 'Stormy Petrel.'

With Jackie Mortimer, the captain's little son, old Dick was an especial favorite, and the boy was constantly in and out of his cabin, or standing by his bench watching him working, and asking him questions which sometimes puzzled the old seaman not a little.

'There ain't a tool, Master Jack, but what must be 'andled in a proper manner, d'ye know that?' he remarked one afternoon, after showing the boy how to use a small plane.

'Yes, I know,' replied Jack; 'if it isn't used properly it won't work properly, will it?'

'No, in course not,' said Dick; then, after a short pause, during which he eyed the little fellow with evident interest, 'And d'ye know, Master Jack, that men are like tools in a certain sense—d'ye know that?'

Jack looked puzzled. 'I don't know what you mean.'

Rugged Dick's bronzed cheeks expanded in a grin. 'Well, then, I'll tell yer—here, keep that there plane level on the wood whilst yer use it. Well, then, men are like tools, 'cause if yer don't use 'em properly they won't work properly— d'yer understand?'

Jackie's face brightened. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I've heard my dad say that.'

'Ah, your father, or your dad as yer call 'im, he knows how to 'andle men properly, and there aint a better crew aboard any ship than we've got 'ere, and it's all 'cause they're properly 'andled. Oh, good afternoon, Master William,' as the elder brother stepped up to the bench; 'I've just been tellin' your little brother that men are like tools in a sartin sense —they must be 'andled properly, and then they'll work properly.'

'I suppose that's true, Dick,' said William, deferentially.

'In course it is, And I'll tell yer another thing about tools, and that is that when we want to get good work out of 'em we have to sharpen 'em up a bit, and so when we want to get good work out of men we must sharpen them up too by a-keepin' of 'em on the move; do you see, Master William?'

'Yes,' said William, laughingly, who was feeling much amused at the old man's evident appreciation of his own wit.

'And as tools don't get rusty when they're constantly used, no more does men when they're kep' constantly at it—eh?' resumed Dick.

'Well, no, I suppose not, Dick,' said William.

'Old Dick is quite right,' agreed the captain, when the boys told him of the little talk, 'there are not a few wholesome lessons to be gathered from tools and the way they are used. If we are to do any good, we must, like tools, be kept in good order and constantly in use; we shall soon get out of order if we are allowed to be idle. You know the old lines, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' We learn also that as the best tools are made from well-tempered steel, so the best men and women to work with are those who are good-tempered.'

'Very well, father, very good!' broke in Jessie, with a laugh.

'A badly-tempered steel tool rarely gives any satisfaction for any great length of time,' went on the captain, 'and we know well enough that bad-tempered people also rarely give satisfaction. How many a man has lost a good job through having a bad temper! And how much discord and strife is brought about by the behaviour of a bad-tempered man! Put a bad-tempered man amongst a ship's company and we soon know to our cost the result of his being there; instead of being like a plane to make things smooth, he is like a file, irritating all with whom he comes in contact.'

"The "plane" man is the good man, isn't he, daddie?' chimed in Jackie.

'Yes, indeed, Jackie,' agreed his father, laughingly. 'Plain people generally are the best to get along with—plain-spoken, plain-dealing people.'

'Plain-spoken people very often cause trouble, though,' contended Mrs. Mortimer.

'Quite true,' replied the captain. 'Sensitive people do not, as a rule, like to hear a spade called a spade, but for all that, I prefer the plain-spoken man to the man who will tell you that black is white whilst he knows the opposite to be the truth. Experience has taught me to doubt the sincerity of an oily-tongued, plausible-spoken man.'

'What lesson does a hammer teach?'

'A good hammering sometimes teaches a very wholesome lesson,' said the captain, with a laugh; 'but it will greatly depend upon how and when it is delivered. For a hammer to deal a fair blow its head must be particularly level and flat, otherwise it may not strike the nail fairly. We oft-times require a great deal of tact in dealing with one another, and we must be level-headed, and calm, and fair in our dealings, and be able to hit the right nail on the head, and not strike the wrong one. Rough and clumsy dealing with one another is often like a clumsily-dealt blow with a hammer, which will not answer the purpose intended, for not only is the nail not driven in, but it will be bent out of shape also. Do you understand, William?'

'I think I do, father,' replied his son. 'You mean that if we do not deal fairly or wisely with people, we will not gain our purpose, but are likely to do more harm than good?'

'Exactly so,' said the captain. 'And now I think we have talked long enough about tools for to-night.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

LITTLE FOLKS

For a Little Girl of Three.

(Uncle Ned, in June 'St. Nicholas.')

Moo, moo!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will eat the sweet grass,
I will give her a glass
Of my milk for her tea;
Moo, moo! that's what I'll do
For my dear little maiden of three.

Bow, wow!
I will go now
With my little girl of three;
I will make a great noise;
I will frighten the boys,
For they all fear me;
Bow, wow! that is just how
I'll guard my sweet maiden of three.

I WILL EAT THE SWEET GRASS.

Mew, mew!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will catch all the mice,
And they shall not come twice
To the cake, you'll see;
Mew, mew! that's what I'll do
For my sweet little maiden of three.

Neigh, neigh!
Out of the way,
For my little girl of three!
I will give her a ride,
We will canter and glide
O'er the meadow lea;
Neigh, neigh! that's just the way
I'll help my sweet maiden of three.

Hiram's Doll.

'Oh! Oh!' cried Kitty, running into the barn. 'O dear, I am so scared!'

Jack was making willow whistles, but he looked up. 'What's the matter?' he asked.

'Oh!' said Kitty again, 'I was coming across the cornfield, and there was a horrid man there, and he tried to catch me.'

'A man?' said Jack.

'Oh, yes; a great horrid, ugly man, like a tramp, and all in rags!'

'Don't you be scared, Kitty,' said Jack, who was a brave little fellow. 'Father and Hiram are over in the east meadow getting the hay; but I am here, and I'll go and see what he wants.'

Kitty begged him not to, for fear the man might hurt him, but Jack said stoutly: 'He might be after the chickens or the new calf, and I must look after things when father is not here. I'll take Towser.'

He whistled to Towser and ran off to the cornfield. Kitty was afraid to stay alone, and so she followed him, but at a safe distance. Baby Dick trotted at her heels. Just as they were getting under the fence they heard a ringing shout from Jack, who was in the middle of the field, and when they came in sight they found him shaking the arm of 'the tramp.'

'O Kit, you goose!' he cried; 'it's only the scarecrow Hiram made yesterday to keep the birds away from the corn.'

'Why,' said Baby Dick, 'he's nuffin but a drate big dolly.'

'Yes, that's what he is,' said Jack; 'he's Hiram's doll.'

Hiram's doll stood in the field all summer, and the children went often to see him.

So when things frighten you, if you can only be brave, like little Jack, and go right up and look at them, you will very often find them only scarecrows.—Selected.

The Little Hunter.

(Rev. J. G. Stevenson, in 'Christian World.')

Years and years ago, long before even granny was born, a little boy lived with his father in a village near a great forest. His father was a hunter. He had lots of bows and arrows, and several spears and many knives made of steel; and when the boy was very good he sometimes lent him his smallest bow and arrow to play with. Every day the father went into the forest and slew deer and wolves; and at night, just before the boy had to go to sleep, his father used to tell him what he had been doing all day, and the lad often laughed as he imitated the snarl of a wolf or showed him how stags jump. But one evening there was no play and there were no tales. His father looked tired and sad; and when the boy asked about it, all he would say was that he would tell him next morning. The lad did not bother when he knew his father wished to be quiet. He just went

to his little funny bed that was made of straw; and the next morning he said, 'Now, father, please tell me.'

His father kept his promise, and told him that he was sad because there had appeared in the forest a fearsome beast neither he nor any one else could slay or catch. It was so ugly that no one could see it without feeling ill. It never seemed to breathe without snorting flames of red fire, and when it was very angry the flames turned blue. It had quarrelsome-looking teeth like a row of white palings, and when it roared people who did not see it wondered why it thundered. The boy heard all this with wonder, and when he had opened his eyes as wide as he could, he shut them for fear he might see the terrible beast; and all day long while his father was away he was so anxious that he began to watch for him immediately after dinner.

. . . . . .

At last his father came home, and he looked sadder and more tired than ever. The boy said nothing for a little while, but just took his father's hand and waited. When at last the father spoke he told him he had met the beast in the forest that afternoon, and had been forced to run away from it. Then he added a strange thing. He said to the lad, 'You must slay the beast, and I know how you can do it.' When the boy heard this he felt rather frightened inside, but he always tried to do what his father asked. So he looked up and said, 'I'll go, father, to-morrow.' 'No,' answered his father, 'to-morrow I must go to the great city, and when I return you shall go out into the forest and seek for the beast.' Next day his father went off to the great city. He was away three days and nights, and when he came back what do you think he brought? He had with him a shield he had bought in the city, and the shield was made of looking-glass. He showed it to the boy, and they saw their faces in it. Then he said to the lad, 'To-morrow morning you shall go out to meet the beast, and this is to be your shield.' The next day the father gave the boy a spear and a bow and five arrows. Then he gave him the shield and he kissed him and said, 'Now, my son, away to the forest and find the fearsome beast. And be sure you hold the shield right in front of you.' The boy was really rather timid, but he held his head high and walked away fast right into the trees. In about an hour he heard a noise, and he looked quickly, and there was the beast pulling up trees by the roots just for sheer mischief. The sight made him quite ill, but he called aloud, 'Look out! I'm coming!' and he ran towards the beast holding out his shield. The beast saw him and showed its teeth, and snorted fire, and made one jump right to the front of the shield. Then it gave one look straight ahead and caught sight of itself in the mirror, and fell down quite dead. It was so ugly that when it saw itself as it really was it died on the spot; and the boy ran all round it with delight, and then he ran all the way home to tell his father.

. . . . . .

Did you ever hear of something whose real name is Sin? He does not dwell in a forest. He lives inside boys and girls; and sometimes he is asleep for a very long time, but too often he is awake. When he wakes up he is not at all nice. Talk about snorting fire and showing teeth like palings and roaring like thunder, why, the fearsome beast was pretty compared with some children when Sin wakes up, and they are angry and look red, and say things they should not. And temper is only one kind of the ugliness of Sin. Lies and cruelty to animals and unkindness to other boys and girls, and disobedience and greediness—each of these is a different kind of ugliness. But children would not be so bad if they really knew. Indeed, I believe that if their sin could only see itself it would die of fright at its own ugliness. You just think how ugly every kind of naughtiness is, and you will understand this tale and its moral, and you will be a better child. Pray and ask God to help you to be good.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

In God's Sight.

Remember God is watching you;
For whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Yes, he who blessed the little ones
Is marking all you do,
Then let each word, and thought, and deed
Be honest, brave, and true.
—Selected.

Barbara's Guest.

When Barbara was eating her breakfast one morning, something happened. A pine cone dropped into her bowl of oatmeal and milk.

Where could it have come from, and who could have thrown it?

I do not think you can guess, so I will tell you.

A busy little squirrel threw it from the top of a tall pine tree. Barbara, with her papa and mamma and sisters, was camping out, and the weather was so fine that the breakfast table was set out of doors.

Mr. Squirrel was looking for the tiny seeds hidden in the pine cones. They are packed away so closely that it is not easy to get them, but the good God has told the squirrel what to do. He scampered up to the top of the pine tree, and, finding a place where there were many cones, went to work. You should see how quickly he cuts off the green cones, throwing them to the ground. He leaves them there to dry and open; then some other day he can easily pick out the seeds.

This little squirrel had chosen a tree near the table. I wonder if he saw Barbara's bright eyes and merry face, and thought he would like to play with her?

It made her laugh when the cone fell into her blue porridge bowl, spattering the milk over her brown curls, her face and hands, her white bib, and the table.

In a very few minutes the sqirrel frisked away to another tree. Mamma wiped the spatters from Barbara's smiling face and little brown hands, gave her a clean bib and a fresh bowl of milk, and everyone began eating again.

I think the food tasted better because this saucy little neighbor had made such a queer morning call.—'Ram's Horn.'

Correspondence

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. We had a trip to the Pacific coast. I am in the second book. I am eight years old. Our teacher is Miss F. For pets I have two cats.

I saw a lot of riddles in the 'Messenger,' so thought I would send one. What is smaller than a mouse, and has more windows than a big king's house?

JOHN SKERNIGHAN.

[John also sends a very good and complete list of Bible texts arranged in alphabetical order.—Ed.]

B., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and am in the seventh grade. My papa is a clerk in one of the big stores of B. B. is a very pretty place; many tourists visit here in summer. We have very good times in winter; when the harbor freezes we have very good skating. We have also very good coasting.

NELLIE MACDONALD.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' quite a long time, and like it very well. I enjoy reading the correspondence page, and would like to become one of its members. The village in which I live is quite small. I do not go to school any more, as I passed the entrance a year ago. I read a great many books, some of which are: "The Coral Island,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Melbourne House,' and a great many more.

A. CRESSMAN (age 13.)

G. L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Will you let me come into your nice little paper for the chat? We have taken this dear little paper as long as I can remember. I live along Lake Erie. We go in bathing, and out boat-riding. I live a mile and a half from a country village. I have two sisters and three brothers living. My brother Orville is married, and has three children living. My sister Edith lives at Atherley; she has two dear little children, and their names are Willie, and Lottie Pearl. My brother Charlie is single yet, my brother Ila, and my invalid sister, Lottie, are at home yet. I have read many nice pieces in the 'Messenger.' I am very fond of reading. I have no pets except two cats, Booze and Bun. The flowers I like best are the China asters. We had light blue, dark blue, red, pink, white, and yellow China asters last summer. I also like the Lady Tuppers, because they last so long.

CASSIE A. H.

Morden, Man.

Dear Editor,—I suppose the boys and girls who are interested in this paper have heard about the town of M., but in case there are some who have not, I will describe it. It is a town situated at the foot of the Pembina Mountains, and in the basin of the once Lake Aggazi. It is said to be one of the prettiest towns in Manitoba, on account of its numerous trees and fine buildings. Among the buildings are nine churches, three hotels, one jail, a large courthouse, two schools, besides a lot of pretty residences and stores. The population is about seventeen hundred.

AMY D. R.

C., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time. My mother took it when she was a little girl, and ever since then we have taken it in our family nearly all the time.

I received my Maple Leaf brooch a short time ago. It is very pretty, and thank you very much for it. We have lived here for only a year. There are some fine public buildings here: Post Office, City Hall, market building, Colonial and Provincial Building, St. Dunstan's Cathedral, Prince of Wales College, three large public schools, and a beautiful convent, besides a large number of fine stores. P. E. I. is quite a tourist's summer resort. We have a large and beautiful park here, where most of the athletic games are played.

I am fourteen years of age, and will be in the vice-principal's class in school next term.

I have two sisters younger than myself, and one brother, who is the eldest of the family.

R. E. CAMPBELL.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have lived in S. all my life. It is a very pretty place, has quite a number of churches and factories. We keep a store. I go to school, and I am in part second book. I am seven years old. I have two sisters and four brothers. I think my letter is long enough.

AILEEN R.

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I passed into the third book this year, and came first in class standing.

I had a pup, but he ran away one Sunday morning. I have a cat named Psyche, and I had a white rat named Snowie, but it died. I go to Grand Avenue School, and the holidays are almost over.

I get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday School, and I like very much to read the Correspondence and Children's Page, and I like looking at the drawings.

Here are some riddles:—

What goes up and down, and up and down, and never touches sky nor ground?

The answer to Perry Dillon's riddle is—When it's ajar (a jar).

The answer to Violetta Cruig's riddle is—One seems so nice, and the other sewn seems nice.

LORNE E. CONSTABLE.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have an uncle a minister in Alberta, but my aunt sends me the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present. I live on a farm, and have lots of fun. We have a dog, three cats, five horses and eighteen cattle. My school is across the road from us. I am ten years old.

ELMA L. MELDRUM.

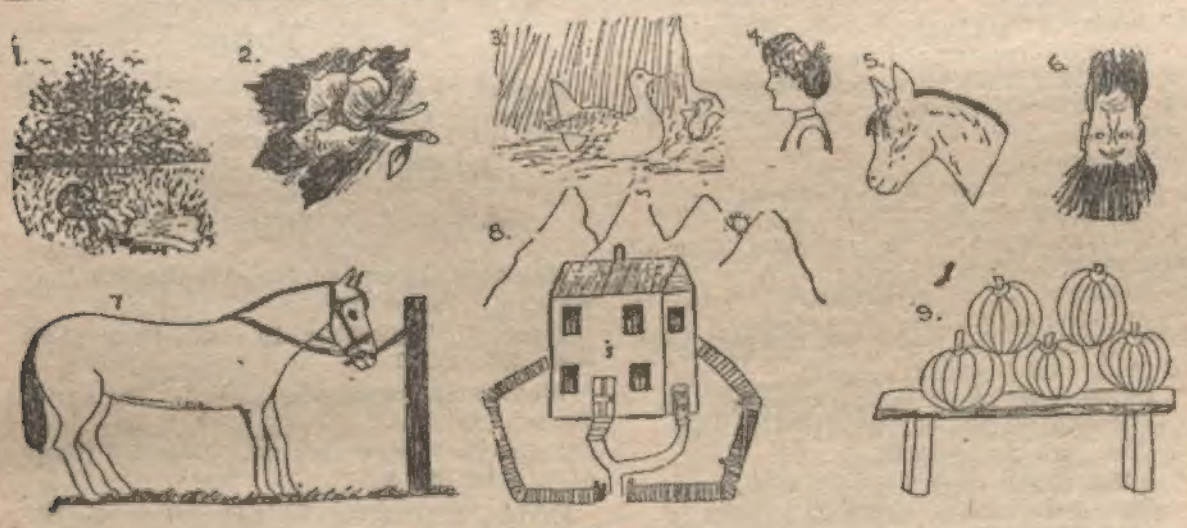
O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just lately started to take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much.

I am twelve years old. I go to the Kilburn Sisters School, and am in the fourth book. I take music, drawing, painting, singing and French lessons, all at school, but the music lessons. I take at home.

We go to the country nearly every summer. Last summer we went to Rochester, N.Y. But this summer we went to the country. I had a very nice time. I have no brothers or sisters.

LUCY THOMPSON.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Under the old Apple Tree.' Christine McLeod, P.E., N.B.
2. 'A Flower.' F. Coles (aged 12.)
3. 'Patsy.' Lorne Constable, L., Ont., (aged 12).
4. 'A girl.' Hazel Johnston (aged 7).
5. 'Donkey.' Frank Maclean, M.T., N.S.
6. 'Kuropatkin before and after the War' (Turn picture upside down). Harold E. J. Taylor, K., P.Q.
7. 'Patient Jennie.' Avard Wallace, R., Man.
8. 'Our Holiday House.' Harvey Dunkley, S.D., Ont.
9. 'For Thanksgiving Pies.' Josephine Austin, D., Nebr.

OTHER LETTERS.

Llewellyn McLaughlin, of C., Ont., sends in a list of Bible texts whose initial letters form his name. Not a bad idea, but some of your texts might be better, Llewellyn. You have the two answers to John A. Wall's riddles correct. 1. To spell blind pig, spell pig without an i. 2. To take 45 from 45 and leave 45 is done this way:—

987,654,321	added,	makes	45
123,456,789	"	"	"
864,197,532	"	"	"

Margaret Price, N.R., P.E.I., sends in two riddles. The first has already been asked, but the second is—What walks upside down?

Agnes Flet, N., N.S., answers four of the riddles, but the answers have already been given. She asks, also, where the word 'Darling' is found in the Bible.

Ethel Anderson, B., Ont., evidently believes in 'short but sweet.' Her note closes with the question—How much is three ones? Thank you for your good opinion, Ethel.

Vera Jinks, who lives in B., Ont., is another writer of the same class, but better short than not at all.

A Forest Fairy does us the honor of writing from F., Ont., but your suggestion would be too difficult to carry out, little fairy. Yes, the Bible puzzles are good. Here is one that the 'Ram's Horn' gives.—

TRANSPOSITION.

My first was a Syrian shepherd of old,
Who kept all he had and tried to hold
What his son-in-law earned, but met his match.
For this young man was hard to catch,
Fleeing in secret with wives and chattel,
His sheep and camels, and all his cattle.
Reserve my first and you will find
Another man with similar mind.
Churlish and stingy, he refused to feed
The band of David in direct need.
His name meant 'folly,' and the record saith
That ten days later God smote him with death.

Little six-year-old Mildred writes from Tryon, P.E.I. It's too bad you haven't any brothers or sisters, but it would cost too much to send one all that way, Mildred.

Jessie Scott, S., Ont., has a sister and a brother, both, but she doesn't seem anxious to sell them. Your riddle has been asked, Jessie.

Priscilla L. Elliot, C., N.S., is doubly at rich for she has two brothers and two sisters. Some people don't realize how well off they are.

Merle E. Simmons, C. S., Mich., answers one of the riddles already answered, and sends another that also happens to have been asked.

We have also received a nice little letter from Lily McKirryher, H., Que.

LESSON XIV.—SEPTEMBER 30, 1906.

Temperance Lesson.

Gal. v., 15-26; vi., 7. 8.

Golden Text.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.—Prov. xx., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 24.—Gal. v., 15-26; vi., 7, 8.

Tuesday, September 25.—Eph., v., 11-21.

Wednesday, September 26.—I. Cor. viii., 1-13.

Thursday, September 27.—I. Cor. ix., 13-27.

Friday, September 28.—Prov. iii., 1-17.

Saturday, September 29.—Phil. ii., 1-13.

Sunday, September 30.—Col. iii., 1-14.

(By Davis W. Clark)

St. Paul's 'veins ran lightning.' Two millenniums afterwards, we yet feel the shock of it. That he is both illuminative and dynamic, the Epistle to the Galatians is evidence. It can never be a literary curio, shelved in the oblivion of a library. It is living and potent still. It is highly condensed, but in its terse terms contains the whole of religion, its very sum and substance.

The apostles' converts in Galatia had been tampered with. Warm-hearted and enthusiastic, so devoted to their spiritual Father that they were ready to pluck out their eyes for Him, yet in His absence they had allowed themselves to be bewitched and removed to another gospel. In order to recover them, St. Paul writes one of the most polemic and hortatory epistles that ever came from his pen. Incidentally it is also photographic of himself, and in its spirit and conclusion wholesomely practical.

The heresy to be combatted was the affirmation of the survival and obligation of the ceremonial law. A little leaven of this had leavened the whole of the Galatian Church. The genuineness of St. Paul's apostleship had been discounted in order that the authority of his teaching might be destroyed. Under the spell of this new gospel, which was no gospel, Gentile converts were submitting to circumcision, and all were observing 'days and months and times and years.'

St. Paul's argument is invincible; his method persuasive. His first note unequivocally challenges the course and conduct of his converts. He then enters into a minute account of his relation to the doctrine of Christ and to the other apostles, showing the genuineness and equality of his apostleship and consequently his authority as a Christian teacher.

He affirms the office of the ceremonial law to be that of the special slave who brings the child to the schoolmaster. When once the law has brought one to Christ, the Master-Teacher, it has no further function. It vanishes away. To hunt up the law again and magnify it is to desert and be disloyal to Christ. It is to exchange liberty for weak and beggarly elements and bondage. He invades the territory of the Judaizers themselves, when he affirms that Abraham was justified by faith and not by works, as he lived before the institution of the ceremonial law, and therefore could not have been justified by it. All, therefore, who are justified by faith, whether Jews or Gentiles, have Abraham as their father. In his allegorical reference to the two Jerusalems, he surpasses even himself. Those who persist in following the ceremonial law prove themselves descendants of the bondwoman Agar, who answers to Jerusalem, which is in bondage with her children; but those who assert their independence from the ceremonial law are the true descendants, not of Agar, the bondswoman, but of Sarah the free. And Sarah stands for that Jerusalem, which is superior to the literal Jerusalem. She is free and the mother of the free.

The Epistle to the Galatians is pre-eminently the Epistle of Freedom. Eleven times this word 'liberty' rings out like a bugle-blast to the soul. The apostle will not brook the idea of his converts going into servitude to the ceremonial law. Having begun in the Spirit, he will not supinely witness their futile effort to finish in the 'flesh.' He warns, entreats, admonishes. 'Stand fast in liberty,' 'Be not entangled with the yoke!' 'Ye have been called unto liberty!' 'Walk in the Spirit!' 'Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything!'

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. St. Paul. Dynamic.
   Epistle to Galatians illustrative.
   Still potent.
2. Cause of Writing.
   Galatian converts perverted.
   Epistle written to recover them.
3. Heresy—Survival and Obligation of the Ceremonial Law.
4. Argument.
   Course of converts challenged.
   Apostleship established.
5. Temporary and Subordinate Use of Ceremonial Law.
   Designed to guide to Christ.
   Accomplished. Law to vanish.
   Magnifying law disloyalty to Christ.
6. Abraham justified by faith.
   Ceremonial law subsequent to his day.
   Abraham father of faithful.
7. The two Jerusalems.
   Agar, Sinai, Jerusalem.
   Sarah, Jerusalem above.
   Law gendereth to bondage.
   Faith gendereth to freedom.
8. Conclusion.
   Exhortation.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The paragraph assigned contains the whole epistle in epitome. It illustrates its style and spirit, and holds the substance of its thought.

* * * *

Liberty is not to be degraded into license. It is no cloak to cover selfish and fleshly deeds. On the contrary it is to be used as means of unselfish service of others.

* * * *

The glory of religion is that its substance is not meat or drink, the externalities of sacrifice or oblation, but in righteousness, a subjective condition which will express itself in right conduct.

* * * *

That this subjective condition is evolved painfully by courses of intelligent self-denial and discipline, the apostle here teaches under the figure of a contest between 'flesh' and 'spirit.'

* * * *

There is a ceaseless battle of the 'I's,' the ethical ego and the sensuous ego, which St. Paul pictures minutely in the seventh chapter of Romans.

* * * *

Temperance, in the ultimate analysis, is the ascendency of the ethical and spiritual ego over the sensuous ego. It is the soul in the saddle. It is the subjection of all animal instincts to the rule of the spirit, so that they will never be gratified selfishly, to the harm of others, and with an intrusion upon the rights of others.

* * * *

St. Paul gives a hideous catalogue of the effects of the supremacy of the sensuous ego. They are 'manifest.' They can no more be denied than they can be ignored. The list is not scientifically formulated. The enumeration is not proposed to be technical because the terms are not mutually exclusive. It is for practical purposes.

The result of the ascendency of the spiritual ego is just as manifest. One is discord, the other is harmony; one is night, the other is day; one is hell, the other heaven.

* * * *

The reign of law is not more universal and inviolable in nature than it is in human nature. Ascendency of the spiritual ego will ultimately evolve the saint. Ascendency of the sensuous ego will make a devil. There can be no switching or cross-cutting by which the sensuous ego shall shun hell and glide into heaven. 'Be not deceived. God is not mocked!'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 30.—Topic—Gilmour, and missions in China. Isa. xlix., 6-12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

MISSIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Monday, September 24.—All nations shall worship. Ps. lxxxvi., 9.

Tuesday, September 25.—All flesh shall see. Isa. xl., 5.

Wednesday, September 26.—All the earth. Ps. lvi., 4.

Thursday, September 27.—The uttermost parts. Ps. ii., 8.

Friday, September 28.—The ends of the world. Ps. xxii., 27, 28.

Saturday, Sepember 29.—Hands stretched out to God. Ps. lxviii., 31.

Sunday, September 30.—Topic—In South Africa. Matt. xxviii., 19, 20.

Lending to the Lord.

'Mother,' said Johnnie, 'haven't you a pie that you would like to lend to the Lord?'

'Why, Johnnie, what do you mean?' she asked, for she thought at first that it was a joke.

'Don't you remember,' he said, 'that the Bible says that he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord? I don't believe that old Betsy has had a pie for a long time, and I thought that perhaps you would like to have me take one to her. Then you would be lending to the Lord, you know.'

Little worker, are you lending to the Lord? if so, what have you loaned him? Was it a penny or a dime to help send the Gospel 'over the seas'? If so, then be sure He will recompense you.—Selected.

A Noble Sentiment.

After Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown, Washington said to his army: 'My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient for us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us.'—Selected.

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DAILY WITNESS' .. .. ..

Temperance

A Child's Influence.

When John Stone was sober there was not to be found a kinder or better husband, or one more generous with his money. When in work he earned good wages at the gas works, and was always ready to help a neighbor in need. If he had chosen to press for payment those to whom he had lent money he would have had quite a little fortune, but he was good-natured, and always said, 'Wait to pay till you can afford to do so,' and that day never seemed to come.

The Stone's cottage was the picture of neatness. Having no family, Mrs. Stone had plenty of spare time on her hands, and by taking in plain needlework managed to keep a very comfortable home together, notwithstanding John being out of work from time to time and his failing of lending or giving his money away. His wife always looked upon the easy way her husband parted with his money as a failing. 'John's weak—very weak,' she would often say, but she would always add, 'He has a kind heart.'

One day there came a letter to John with a deep black border to the envelope. It was to tell him of the death of his only sister, and his brother-in-law wrote asking if John and his wife would take care of his little daughter Hester for a few weeks, as the child was sick and ailing, and sadly needed country air.

A week later little Hester and her uncle had become great friends. The child would always run to meet him on his return from work, and with her small hand clasped in his would lead him into the cottage, little dreaming she was keeping him from temptation, for the 'Black Cow' stood only a few steps from the cottage, and John had turned in there most evenings to have a glass, which had too often been followed by more than was good for him.

John could never tell how it came about, but a feeling of shame crept over him that Hester should see him turning into the 'Black Cow,' and by the silent influence of a little child he became a sober man.—'Friendly Greetings.'

MORE AND BETTER MUSIC.

The attractiveness of music is very great. A piano or organ contributes more to the life of the home than many people imagine. Some people have no instrument at all. Perhaps because they have made no effort to get one; perhaps because the prices they have been offered are away beyond their reach. In these days few need go without a musical instrument in the home, because instruments that have been used very little can be had for half the original price paid.

The Sunday School organ or piano is often not worthy of the name. If it is the best that can be secured with the means at the disposal of the school, by all means make the best of it. If not write to some reputable piano or organ dealer—the sooner the better. You could get one now and have it all paid for by Christmas time. You may find that the dealer will allow more for your old instrument in exchanging it for a new one than you think. Or the old one might be sold on the spot, and a new or first-class second-hand instrument might be bought for but little more than the old one sold at. The main thing is to select a large and responsible house to deal with.

The Sunday School instrument is heard by more people than any home instrument, and should be better. If the singing in your school is not as hearty as it should be, suggest to the authorities that a musical committee be appointed, including the best voices in the school, and let these canvas for subscriptions toward a better instrument. When it comes, as it surely will if wanted badly enough, note the heartiness of the singing, and note also the growing interest and attendance on the part of the scholars. All it needs is that some one take the init'ative.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Baby.

He is so little to be so loved!
He came unbooted, ungarbed, ungloved
  Naked and shameless,
  Beggared and blameless,
And for all he could tell us, even nameless.
Yet everyone in the house bows down
As if the mendicant wore a crown.

He is so little to be so loud!
O, I own I should be wondrous proud
  If I had a tongue
  All swivelled and swung,
With a double-back action twin-screw lung
Which brought me victual and keep and care,
Whenever I shook the surrounding air.

He is so little to be so large!
Why, a train of cars or a whaleback barge
  Couldn't carry the freight
  Of the monstrous weight
Of all his qualities good and great.
And, though one view is as good as another,
Don't take my word for it. Ask his mother.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

Keep Them by You.

Let me put in an earnest word in favor of the young people's sitting beside their parents during the service in the house of God (writes the Rev. F. B. Meyer). If the father would let the boy sit next him, and find the places, and write the text out during the sermon, if he were too young to pay attention, and make a comfortable place for his head if he got sleepy; and if the mother would take the little girl's hand in hers, to say nothing of passing surreptitiously a little piece of sugar-candy to keep her from coughing (!)—I cannot but think that those Sunday services would not be so great a weariness, but in after years would be recalled with pleasure by the lonely traveller in the backwoods, or the shepherd amid the Australian wolds.

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Helpful Hints.

Mme. Lijenstolpe, the Swedish teacher in the swimming school of the new Chicago Woman's Athletic Club, says that swimming will do wonders for the health of any woman. When she was seventeen it was thought she would die early as a consumptive, but she was fond of swimming, and, thinking she might as well enjoy her short life, began to spend a great deal of time in the water. She soon grew robust and strong and has now an enviable reputation as an expert diver and swimmer.

When you get a dollar's worth of raisins or currants, look them over and wash at your first opportunity. You will find it saves time. It is a consolation to me when I am in a hurry to think I can use raisins in this cake or pudding because they are all ready. Rice and white beans can be looked over and tied up to keep clean. Have them at hand, and when you have to wait with a meal or for a fire, look them over. You will be surprised when you have them all finished, to see how much you have done and how much time you have saved.

Religious Notes.

A very practical step in connection with city mission work has been taken by the Richmond (London) Christian Mission, in the establishment of a Holiday and Rest Home for Women. It is not to be exactly a charity, as the women will be expected to pay a small weekly sum. In commenting on this 'The Christian' says: The Home will be conducted as much as possible on the plan of a family, and all will be expected to attend prayers morning and evening, as well as the services at the mission hall or some other place of worship—so that all will be under Gospel influences. . . . The land on which the Home and mission hall stand has been paid for, and less than £700 remains to be raised of the cost of building.

The 'Student Volunteer' movement is having practical results in England. A conversation with the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Manchester, reported in the London 'Christian Age,' deals with his open-air services. In these he has been greatly assisted by some dozen young students who are interested in the movement, indeed the children's morning services on the sands have been entirely run by them. The Bishop has written most entrusiastically about his summer open-air work. 'I regard this,' he said, 'as a precious and unique opportunity. You have people from all over the country, and have a chance of influencing them for good. There are great advantages about open-air work, advantages which you do not get in church or chapel. In the first place, people believe you are in earnest. You are not paid to do this, so why should you?'

The Rev. Dr. McAfee, pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, received a circular offering to send him a supply of liquors in 'plain packages.' Surprised at the receipt of such a communication, he wrote to the dealer and asked him 'if he found it worth while to send such advertisements to ministers, and also enclosed a copy of a sermon on the evils of intemperance. The distiller's reply was: 'I wish to acknowledge your letter, and in direct reply to your inquiry beg to state that it was not with any consent of mine that my circular reached you. My experience would not at all justify me, I am pleased to say, in wasting any postage stamps on ministers of the gospel. The circulars are sent out by an addressing company, and possibly the person who addressed yours had an idea in common with many others that ministers were consumers of whiskey. For myself, I am glad to know to the contrary. I could certainly have no quarrel with either your letter or your sermon, which I read with much interest. If I were the one to give the decision, and it rested entirely with me, I would wipe out the whole traffic in intoxicating liquors without a moment's hesitation. I quite agree that it is opposed to church principles, and the betterment of humanity, and I only regret that circumstances are such that I am compelled to remain in it. I do not care to enter into any discussions or arguments on the temperance question, because there would really be no chance whatever for an argument against yours. I apologise for having been the innocent means of your being troubled with my circular. The reason is given above.'

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

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17th Annual Stock-taking Sale of

SLIGHTLY USED

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The announcement of this sale is the commencement of preparation for stocktaking next month. It is important for us to dispose of every used Piano or Organ at once—so important that we have cut the prices down to a point below expectation of profit; in some cases less than a third of the original cost.

Our necessity provides the opportunity for you to secure a splendid instrument at a nominal cost; and the payments are so easy that no home need be without an instrument.

Do not put off ordering till next week. Do it now, and secure an early choice. Even if you get the last choice, you'll be proud of the instrument, but you might as well be first.

TERMS OF SALE.

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3—**A Handsome Stool** accompanies each Instrument.
4—Every Instrument Safely Packed **without extra charge.**
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Organs,	under	$50	$5.00	Cash,	and	$3.00	per	month.
"	over	$50	$10.00	"	"	$4.00	"	"
Pianos,	under	$150	$10.00	"	"	$4.00	"	"
"	"	$250	$10.00	"	"	$6.00	"	"
"	over	$250	$15.00	"	"	$7.00	"	"

ORGANS.

BELL — 5 octave Organ, by Daniel Bell; has 9 stops, 2 full sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, walnut case, with music rack; height, 5 ft. 9 inches.
Original Price, $90. Now **$23.**

DOMINION—5 octave Organ, by The Dominion Co., Bowmanville; walnut case, with high back, carved; has 6 stops, 2 sets of reeds in the treble, one in bass, 2 knee swells. Height, 6 ft. 10 inches.
Original Price, $125. Now **$29.**

BELL — 5 octave Organ, by W. Bell & Co.; walnut case, decorated panel, has 10 stops, 2 sets of reeds in treble, and one in bass, coupler, 2 knee swells. Height, 6 ft. 3 inches.
Original Price, $125. Now **$28.**

BELL — Splendid 6 octave Parlor Organ, by W. Bell & Co.; 4 sets of reeds in treble, 3 in bass, in addition to sub-bass, 13 stops, couplers, 2 knee swells, in handsome walnut case, with high top. Height, 8 ft. 10 inches.
Original Price, $175. Now **$57.**

DOHERTY— 6 octave Piano-Case Organ, in rich walnut case, with full length music desk, mirror top and lamp stands; 11 stops, 3 sets of reeds, 2 couplers, 3 knee swells, etc. Very little used.
Original Price, $150. Now **$79.**

DOMINION—Very handsome 6 octave Piano-Case Organ, by The Dominion Co., Bowmanville, in walnut case, with carved panels, lamp stands, mirror top, automatic folding mouse-proof pedals; has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout. Used very little, and could not be told from new.
Original Price, $175. Now. **$89.**

PIANOS.

HAINES — Very handsome Square Piano, by Haines Bros., New York, in rosewood case, carved legs and lyre, serpentine mouldings, full overstrung scale, iron frame, in perfect order.
Original Price, $400. Now **$109.**

HEINTZMAN & CO.—Very handsome Square Grand Piano, by Heintzman & Co.; 7 1-3 octaves, full iron frame, full overstrung scale, case in rosewood, with carved legs and lyre, serpentine and plinth mouldings; a splendid piano, in excellent order.
Original Price, $450. Now **$115.**

DOMINION—Dainty Cottage Upright Piano, in walnut case, with marquetry panels, and lacquered Candelabra, full iron frame, tri-chord overstrung scale, Mandolin attachment.
Original Price, $250. Now **$185.**

NEWCOMBE — 7 1-3 octave Upright Piano, by The Newcombe Co., Toronto, in ebonized case, with tri-chord overstrung scale, double repeating action; a nice toned piano in perfect order.
Original Price, $300. Now **$189.**

KARN — 7 1-3 octave Upright Piano, by D. W. Karn & Co., Woodstock, in handsome burl walnut case, full length music desk, Boston fall board, full iron frame; Wessel, Nickel & Gross action, ivory and ebony keys.
Original Price, $375. Now **$235.**

MENDELSSOHN — 7 1-3 octave Piano, by The Mendelssohn Co., Toronto, in rich mahogany case, full length music desk, carved panels, 3 pedals, practice muffler, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Used less than a year.
Original Price, $340. Now **$243.**

GERHARD HEINTZMAN — 7 1-3 octave Upright Piano, in rich mahogany case, full length, plain polished panels and music desk, iron frame, double repeating action, 3 pedals, etc. Could not be told from new.
Manufacturers' Price, $400. Now **$269.**

GOURLAY — Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, of our own make, in rich mahogany case, full-length panels; Boston fall board, ivory and ebony keys, 3 pedals, etc. If you ordered a piano of this size at $1,000, it could not be finer in musical or durable qualities; we would have to put the extra expense on the case.
Regular Price, $425. Now **$305.**

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING,

188 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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